

Our Critical Column.

The dusky Indian actress, Go-Won-Go Mohawk—the only aboriginal American on the stage—is displaying her histrionic powers (also her horse and her bowie-knife), at the Toronto this week. The play is called "The Indian Mail Carrier," and was written by Miss Go-Won-Go Mohawk herself, when she was a sweet girl undergraduate of an Ohio seminary. Of course, she plays a male character in it. You ought to go and see her, by all means. Next week, Ireland will hold the boards at this house, in the person of Mr. Edwin Arden (no relation to Enoch of that ilk), who will present his drama called "Barred Out." We wish to state distinctly that this has no reference to ex-Ald. John McMillan.

The Lyceum Company, from New York, are doing their successful piece, "Our Flat," at the Academy this week. Toronto has no flats (in the residence line—plenty of the other kind, however), nor are we likely to have any until land values get a trifle higher. This is fortunate. If you want to get an idea of the tribulations to which flats can give rise, you cannot do better than drop in and see the Lyceum people showing up the subject.

That darling of the ladies, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," ran his short course with tremendous *clat* at the Grand last week. And now we have another choice selection from the dramatic peerage, "Lord Chumley," impersonated to the life by Mr. E. H. Sothern. It is a common saying that a clever father generally has a fool-son. Young Sothern is a brilliant exception to this rule, as he bids fair even to eclipse his world-famous progenitor as a comedian. Mr. Sothern departs Wednesday night, and the week will be finished by Marie Hubert Frohman, in "King Rene's Daughter," in which she personates a sweet and chivalry-inspiring maiden of the middle ages.

It is not greatly to the credit of this intellectual centre that the splendid exhibition of really high-class paintings, by French, American and Canadian artists, now open at the Toronto Art Gallery, has lacked a great patronage. The gallery adjoins the Academy of Music, on King street, and the admission is but twenty-five cents. Picture-lovers who miss this treat will have reason to regret it. The exhibition remains open but one week longer.

His family and friends were there,
His uncles, cousins, aunts;
And all were sure that for the prize
Their Johnny had best chance.

'Twas Johnny's turn to speak his piece;
He said, with outstretched hands:
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands!"

—T. J., in Puck.

BRIGGS—"Are you going to hang up your stocking for Christmas?"

GRIGGS—"I don't know. I may have to hang up a whole suit."

A CHILD of sorrow—The son-in-law.

BRO. WANAMAKER—"Our hearts should be large enough to take in the whole human family."

THE PRESIDENT—"Yes; but if there were offices enough to take in the whole Harrison family, I should be satisfied."—Puck.

THE business or professional man who now-a-days goes through the laborious work of writing his own letters, deserves a place in the museum of curiosities. He is certainly not a practical believer in the maxim that "time is money." The man who appreciates the value of the passing moments leaves all this mechanical work to a mechanical contrivance, where it properly belongs. He uses a type-writer, and if he is wise, he uses the best, which is always the cheapest, and that is the Remington Standard. Mr. George Bengough, of 47 King street east, controls the general agency for them excellent machines, and will be pleased to have all who are interested call and see them in operation or send to those at a distance illustrated catalogues, giving all necessary particulars about them. Call upon or write to him.

MR. MANDERSON (at luncheon).—"What's this?"

WAITER—"Dat's a harm-san'wich, boss."

"I ordered one here yesterday, and you brought me four large slices of bread and more ham than I could eat."

"Well, yo' see, boss, we only opened d' restorator yistahday, an' dat wuz a decoy."—Judge.

PAT—"Say, Mike, could yez tell me who this man Meeginty is, what they're all a-talkin' about?"

MIKE—"Shure an' I niver heerd av him till lately; but I think that maybe he's a professional diver, for I've heerd him say that he wint to the bottom av the say."

CHOICE Christmas Cards, latest designs, carefully selected by an artist, will be found at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street. Also a fine selection of pictures and novelties, suitable for Christmas trade. Pictures framed.

"Why do you have such a complicated lock on your front-door? A burglar can get in just as easily with that as he could with a simpler contrivance."

"That's very true. Any burglar can get in, but woe be unto him when he tries to get out. Why, it takes me four minutes to unfasten that door from the inside."—New York Sun.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SUBURBAN RESIDENT—"Yes, I want a useful man about my country place. Can you milk?"

APPLICANT—"Yis, sor."

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Wull, sir, Oi niver milked but wun cow, an' she waz a kicker, sor; an' bedad, a good dale av the toime Oi was on both soids av her, sor."

PATERFAMILIAS (from the head of the stairs at 2 a.m.)—"Fanny, will you ask that young man to step into the hall a moment?"

YOUNG MAN (timidly)—"W-well, sir?"

PATERFAMILIAS—"I just wanted to ask you where you wanted your trunk put when it comes."—Lawrence American.

CHAIRMAN ADAMS (of Reception Committee)—"Ladies and gentlemen, the great explorer, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, will now sing to you one of the songs of the natives of the Nile, accompanied by an African orchestra."

MR. STANLEY—"Down went McGinty to the bottom of—"

But the audience flees.—New York Sun.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER must use some such preparation as Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses, to make her hands look so beautiful. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co. Montreal.

PARROTT—"Can anything beat this? Here's a house advertises twenty-five dollars' worth of clothing for ten dollars!"

WIGGINS—"Why, yes; you can get a ten-dollar Confederate bill for five cents."

Oh, those New Year resolutions that we made with holy awe,
How they melted like the snow banks in a January thaw!

How the man who broke his meerscham and vowed to smoke no more,
Now smokes an old two-cent clay pipe behind the cellar door.

YELLOWLY—"It seems strange to me, Brownly, that Whitely always enjoys the most perfect health and yet takes no exercise."

BROWNLY—"Nothing strange about it at all. Whitely is too lazy to catch any disease."—Boston Courier.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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